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A Pastoral,
ON THE
SUCCESS
AND
CORONATION
That OF *William & Mary*
WILLIAM and MARY,
KING and QUEEN
OF
ENGLAND.

*A te principium, tibi desinit : accipe iussis
Celsius a capta tuis. atq; hinc sine tempore circum
Inter videres bedorem tibi surpere lauros.*

Licensed, According to Order. April 13th 1689.

LONDON, Printed for Randal Taylor, 1689.

A. L. 1811

225002

WILLIAM & MARY
KING and QUEEN

ENGLAND

Printed by W. L. G. & Co. London

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A PASTORAL;
ON THE
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OF
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King and Queen of ENGLAND.

Daphnis and Damon.

Dap. **T**HE Groves are green, and all the Meadows gay,
The Springs run pure and Lambs around them play;
Sad Nightingals have chang'd their mournful strain,
And amorous Turdies now no more complain.

On every Bush melodious Thrushes sing,
And chirping Swallows tell the ripen'd Spring.
Nature's all gay. Come to you murmuring shade,
Phillis our Flocks will feed, and water them when fed.

Da. Oft I of late, to moderate thy care,
Have thee and thy soft Pipe invited there:
But all in vain thy sorrows were prefer'd:
We, nor thy Pipe, or Flocks were thy regard.
Yet tell me whence this mighty change, and why
The Sun yet low, we to the Beaches fly?

Dap. To sing, dear Youth, for oh such Songs I have
Might melt the Young and mollify the Grave.

Da. And can there Youth? And can there truly be
Such, and a cause to merit so much Joy?
When *Celia* dy'd, how did the God repine;
Farewel oh Youth he cry'd, no longer mine.
Thy Tuneful Songs were powerful as my Bow,
And this shall fade since those are faded now.
But looner shall the Powers and Nature fall:
Thy Songs will back the heartless God recall.

Dap. So may the Ivy with the Vine compare ;
So with the Summers Sun a falling Star.

When the harsh Bittorns with the Woods agree,
Then you, and only then shall yield to me.

Da. But see the covert and the shady Boughs ;
Pleasant to tempt the Lover to Repose.

Here, while the Birds above forget their own,
Teach them dear Youth, teach them a sweeter Song.

Dap. Ye Groves ! For ye beheld the reverend Maid,
When shaking with the pow'rful God, she said,

Farewel to Tyranny and hated sin ;

Farewel the Golden Age appears again.

A God there is that takes his Earthly round,

With Valour and Immortal Glory crown'd :

Doom'd by the Pow'rs, for at his Birth they cri'd,

Live, and with us eternally divide,

The Earth ; for much it wants thy purging hand

From rigour, free and arbitrary Command.

Settle much injur'd Vertue on its Throne

But little need we urge a Right thy own :

Go then be happy, conquer, and be fear'd,

Till Crowns and Beauty be thy proud Reward :

Teach the dull World how we Celestials reign,

And fix the powerful Justice they disdain.

Then Pious Swains shall blest thy happy day,

And at thy Altars Sacred Homage pay ;

Till we all weary of thy absence grown,

There fix thy Star, and here thy happier Throne :

They said, and all the glorious doom approv'd ;

Nor could they envy where so much they lov'd.

The Royal Youth his early Race began,

And set maturer Courts the rode to Fame.

Declining Nations by his matchless Arms,

Taught how to rise, secur'd their Foes alarms.

Under his Banners they successful stray'd,

And forc'd the Homage which before they paid.

Thence suppliant Monarchs to his refuge flew,

And made his glory their Asylum too.

His powerful smiles with Towns and Beauty bought

Refreshed the Lawrels they in vain had sought ;

And he by Peace subdu'd as when he fought.

And

And now blest Age to mature wonder come,
 He brings his Everlasting Peace along.
 The pow'rful Gods still on his Navy wait,
 And bless, for his attempts like theirs are great.
 I see. — I see the Fleet in all its pride ;
Neptrone in smiles ; the Gods are proud to guide,
 And the charm'd Syrens lull the eager Tide.
 What Rebel pow'r dares charge Divine Decree ?
 None ; for ere here the varying Winds agree :
 Yes, they agree ; they guide him safe to shoar ;
 And on his Foes return their guarding pow'r.
 So at the mighty Prophets word the Seas
 Let the dear choice of their Wife Maker pass ;
 But when the Tyrant with his Host pursu'd
 They sell the Victims of the injur'd flood :
 And now — and now see every danger past,
 With lucky palms the crowding people hast.
 Echoes eternal as their wonders prove,
 And all extol his Glory and his Love.
 As when of old the Warring God return'd
 Triumphant o're the Pow'rs his Glory scorn'd :
 Ten happy Nations of his Love secure
 Met him, and landing, kiss the Royal Shoar.
 Contending Envy from his Lightning fled
 To all effects, defenceless lies and dead :
 While busie Ambition to the Altar goes,
 And doubly forms the trophies of his Brows.
 Such was the Song ; so full of Pow'r Divine ;
 On *Albion's* Rocks the Maid was heard to sing.
 Young *Strepson* near was tending of his Herd ;
 A Royal Youth with Wit and Sence prepar'd ;
 He, and two Stock-Doves was the humble hire,
 Learnt them for us, and all the World admire.
 Him with a Lamb and Ewe I freely feed ;
 To teach the numbers and to fix the reed,
 Nor was the mighty pleasure void of pains,
 I drudg'd to comprehend the Wit and Sence.
 Da. Nor was the price or pains to be condemn'd,
 Such Songs if valu'd might whole Flocks command.
 Yet if an humbler strain may touch your Ear,
 Such as the Swains and I was proud to hear :
 When by yon dotted Oak our Flocks we fed,
 And tiz'd our Reeds beneath the grateful shade.

A happy hour it was: The Streams and Trees,
And warbling Echoes to prolong the bliss,
Soft'n'd the Minutes and enlarg'd the Joies.

Dap. See where thy Flocks already cease to rove,
And come to listen to the Songs they love.
Begin and soon their expectations free:
Poor hearts if long delay'd they pine away.

Da. Come all ye Nymphs, ye grateful and ye fair;
For *Pan* and his Solemnities prepare
Pan to our fading Fields at last is come,
And see the Trees, and see the Bushes bloom.
The lovely Flow'rs full of their vigorous sweet,
Kiss as he walks along his gracious Feet.
With fresher charms here they invite and there,
And lose no Beauty for they rise more fair.
Not Showers to thirsty Lands, not Leaves to Trees;
To Flocks the Swain less necessary is,
Than *Pan* to us, and all that we possess.

Come all ye Nymphs, ye graceful and ye fair,
For *Pan* and his Solemnities prepare.
Trace tender Beauties, trace the Fruitful Grove,
And cull the Flow'rs and Greens; assiduous prove
In this, as in your softer hours of Love.
Let no fair Lilly, Amaranth or Rose
Escape the Heroes or the Lovers Brows.
Mix all their dearest sweets and loveliest greens,
The noble labour might reward your pains:
Yet when did Vertue unregarded go?
Vertue to *Pan's* what Beauty is to you.

Come then ye tender Maids, ye good and fair.

For *Pan* and his Solemnities prepare.
What other toils to other pow'r is due?
What other God can we be proud to know?
Kind Fate for us assign'd the lot to *Pan*,
None fitter or more worthy was to Reign,
To guard the Country, or instruct the Swain,
Now ravenous Wolves so long and justly fear'd,
Shall never dare to break upon the Herd.
The Herd and Herdsman too shall be so free,
The Air it self shall want their liberty.

Go then ye tender Maids, ye good and fair,
For *Pan* and his Solemnities prepare.

Go then ye tender Flocks securely rove,
 And undisturb'd possess the Fields you love.
 Ye Nymphs securely with your Shepherds play
 In shades for ever green for ever gay :
 No Birds of prey shall stain the Sacred Boughs,
 There Doves and Turtles only shall repose.
 There while the Larks and Linnetts round you sing,
 And all appears an Everlasting Spring :
 Let *Pan* Tune every Heart and every Tongue,
 Make *Pan* the lasting subject of your Song.

Hast then ye Virgins hast ye good and fair,
Pan and the great Solemnity is near.

How sweet how graceful walks the lovely God,
 Such Jove was when he left his own abode.
 So *Mars* and *Phaebus* in the humble Plain
 Prepar'd their Glories to a greater Fame.
 Nor slight great *Pan* the Garland or the Wreath,
 Nor slight the Praises which the Shepherds breath.
 Greater than Cedars, or the towering Pine,
 Humble as Brambles, pleasant as the Vine.
 To high and low he nobly does dispence ;
 The high and low divide his influence.

Hast hast ye Virgins come ye good and fair,
 For *Pan* and his Solemnities are here.

Ah Glorious Soul ! How did we greatly long
 To see thy Eyes, and taste thy charming Tongue ?

Thee, Mighty Prince we often wish'd, for Thee
 We taught our Infants ere they spoke to Pray.
 For Thee the soft, for Thee the tenderest plead,
 But Thy *Orania* does her Sex exceed.

Sweet as the Plum, and luscious as the Pear ;
 What Man, what Deity does not despair ?
 Softer than Wooll, and smooth as falling Snow,
 Fit *Pan* and only fit to share with You.

Hast all ye Virgins, hast ye good and fair,
 Hast, as ye hope for Blessings from the Pair.

See where the *Olive* and the *Lawrels* shine,
 In platted Wreaths compos'd by Hands Divine :
 Not *Phyllis* shows such wonder in her Art,
 And yet with *Phyllis* few may claim desert.
 But on those Brows what will not fair appear ?
 The Sun behind the very Clouds are fair.

See where the lasting Greens their Pride renew,
 Sure on their Soil with less content they grew:
 Nor can the Violet or early Rose,
 Add one fresh Beauty to *Orania* Brows.
 The Violet and Rose with shame behold
 Their Beauties by the flattering World extoll'd.
 Sweetness in Triumph sits upon her Eyes,
 And the slain God with happy pleasure dyes.

Go all ye Virgins, go ye good and fair,
 Dress all your Minds, dress all your Eyes by Her.

See too the train of Beauties that pursue,
 Beauties indeed, for She Creates them so.

So when the Queen of Night in State appears,
 'Tis with th' attendance of Ten Thousand Stars:

Go Heav'nly Pair, go then, and long enjoy
 (Long as our wishes) Happy Majesty.

For you the Nymph, for you the Shepherd prays,
 All that can more your glorious Fortune bless:

May Heav'n (if Heav'n to You can further give)
 Worthy of us to beg or You to have.)

So largely show'r on each extended Brow,
 They must receive again to be like you.

Go happy Maids, go all that's good and fair,
 And bless your Fortunes in the Godlike Pair.

Wander my Flocks and like my Fancy rove,
 Vainly your Master you, or you your Master love.

Nothing is charming now, no nothings sweet,
 But what may me and more my Pipe delight.

Inferiour numbers I no more may use,
 None would the Crab before the Wilding choofe:

Silver Currants and the Chrystal Spring,
 Oft ye my Flocks have left the troubled stream.

Go then my Flocks and court your own despair,
 Ye have no more a Lord or Master here.

Dap. Sweet is thy Voice, and charming as thy Theam,
 Scarce can thy Flocks thy resolution blame.

They rather choofe the Fate thy Verse has doom'd,
 Glad to adorn an Altar so Renown'd.

But see the kindly Rain Divinely falls,
 And luscious Dew the lazy Summer calls.

Nor shall the Storms or Tempests threaten more,
 By Love and Union we'll our Peace secure.

F I N I S.